

interest by the intelligent circle which they represent with such triple qualifications. The "aphorisms" will vary in value to the rest of the reading public. Some of them are clever, some flatly stupid, some wildly ambitious, some unconsciously plagiarized, and some quite silly. It is but fair to say, however, while we fail to see in its sayings any good reason for their publication in book form, that almost all of them have merit enough to give their authors quite a brilliantly philosophical reputation in society.

MUSIC.

At last we are enabled to gratify our curiosity with respect to "Ruddy-gore." Again are we made happy by the most whimsical of plots, the most grotesque of situations, the most pungent, yet delicate, of satire, and the most charming of songs and lyrics. Act I. is the little Cornish village of Rederring (without the H). Act II., the Picture Gallery of Ruddygore Castle, which is presently filled with the ghosts of the dead warriors, bishops, judges, and admirals, that line the walls in canvas. They come to life to inquire into the proceedings of the latest heir, Sir Ruthven, who, according to a curse levied upon the family ages ago, is obliged to commit a daily crime. Naturally a good man, this involves him in much anxiety. "I get my crime over the first thing in the morning," he says, "and then, ha! ha! for the rest of the day I do good—I do good—I do good! Two days since, I stole a child, and built an orphan asylum. Yesterday, I robbed a bank, and endowed a bishopric. To-day, I carry off Rose Maybud, and atone with a cathedral. This is what it is to be the sport and toy of a Picture Gallery! But I will be bitterly revenged upon them! I will give them all to the nation, and nobody shall ever look upon their faces again!" There is the usual wicked steward, the lawful heir, the village belle, the Ophelia-like madwoman transformed, in Act II., into a prim poke-bonneted maiden, a Gilbertian chorus of impressionable bridesmaids, a chorus of "bucks and blades," while sailors, villagers, hornpipes, gavottes, patter trios, and songs, furnish an *ensemble* which, if not eminently original, will yet prove delightful to the multitudes of all classes who have found so much pleasure in the previous operas. The following nautical song is sung by "Dick Dauntless," who boasts that his ship has spared more French ships than any other man-o'-war's-man afloat:

I shipped, d'ye see, in a revenue sloop,
And, off Cape Finistere,
A merchantman we see,
A Frenchman, going free,
So we made for the bold Mounseer,
D'ye see?
We made for the bold Mounseer.
But she proved to be a frigate—and she up with her ports,
And fires with a thirty-two!
It come uncommon near,
But we answered with a cheer,
Which paralysed the Parly-vo,
D'ye see?
Which paralysed the Parly-vo.
Then our Captain he up, and he says, says he,
"That chap we need not fear,—
We can take her if we like,
She is sartin for to strike,
For she's only a darned Mounseer,
D'ye see?
She's only a darned Mounseer!
But to fight a French fal-lal—it's like hitting of a gal—
It's a lubberly thing for to do;
For we, with all our faults,
Why we're sturdy British salts,
While she's only a Parly-vo,
D'ye see?
A miserable Parly-vo!"
So we up with our helm, and we scuds before the breeze
As we gives a compassionating cheer;
Froggee answers with a shout
As he sees us go about,
Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer,
D'ye see?
Which was grateful of the poor Mounseer!
And I'll wager in their joy they kissed each other's cheek
(Which is what them furriners do),
And they blessed their lucky stars
We were hardy British tars
Who had pity on a poor Parly-vo,
D'ye see?
Who had pity on a poor Parly-vo!

SERANUS.

LONDON.

A SACRED concert was given on Wednesday, 16th inst., at Dundas Street Methodist Church. The vocalists were Miss Louise Elliott and Mr. Winch, with Mr. Doward (Toronto), as solo organist. Miss Elliott displayed a good deal of dramatic feeling, and has a fine voice, not, however, a soprano, as her upper notes were taken with obvious effort. Her singing of the "Inflammatus," from Rossini's "Stabat Mater," induced a storm of applause, and an *encore*; but she does not approach Mrs. Louise Tanner in this difficult solo, nor in oratorio singing generally. Mr. Winch sang with much finish "In Native Worth" ("Creation"), substituted for "Cujus Animam," and the well-known semi-sacred song "The Requital." He certainly possesses a beautiful voice, and sings like a true artist. Mr. Doward played several solos with taste, but the organ is scarcely large enough for solo work of any pretension. The choir, of about sixty voices, under Mr. W. J. Birks' admirable direction, sang remarkably well, and in the "Inflammatus" showed their careful training in the art of supporting the soloist instead of drowning her. A beautiful chorus, "Harps of Eternity," was also sung, for the first time in America. It is from the Oratorio of "St. Mary" (a very fine work), by Dr. Frank Sawyer, of Brighton, England, and, with harp obligato, is especially effective. Altogether this concert was a brilliant success.

MARCIA.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MISS HELEN CAMPBELL'S articles, entitled "Prisoners of Poverty," which are attracting so large a share of public attention in the Sunday issues of the *New York Tribune*, are to be brought out in book form simultaneously with their ending in serial publication. Messrs. Roberts Bros. of Boston will issue the book.

"PUBLIC OPINION," the Washington journal which makes a specialty of presenting the opinions of all leading papers on leading topics, will hereafter be published simultaneously in Washington and New York. Few papers have ever attained, in the same length of time, a more substantial following or greater popularity.

THE Messrs. Putnam are just in receipt of a letter from Professor Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, dated at Palermo, Italy, where he is now sojourning in quest of material for his forthcoming "Story of Sicily." The book will be issued during the latter part of this year, and is written with the special view of being valuable to students of Sicilian history. Professor Freeman's researches have led him to ascertain, what he also says travellers in Italy are finding out, how important a part the lovely island of Sicily has played in the history of Italy and really in all Europe.

SPEAKING of actresses as authors, it is interesting to note the demand which has suddenly been created among editors for the pen work of Miss Fanny Davenport. Her first article on "Is the Stage Immoral?" had scarcely been printed and read, when the actress quite unexpectedly found herself the recipient of several applications from editors for articles. She has now published her second article, "My Stage Life," which appeared in the Christmas *Mirror*, and her third will be an "Essay on Beatrice," to be printed shortly in the *Shakespeareana* magazine of Philadelphia. Miss Davenport has also contracted to write another article for the *Brooklyn*, in which her first appeared, and still another production from her pen is promised for an early number of *Lippincott's*.

THE new *American Magazine*, which is to step into the literary arena about April 15, is preparing its prospectus, and authors and artists are completing their work for the first number. It is intended to print an edition of 50,000 copies of the initial number, which will be published simultaneously in the United States, England, and Canada. The magazine is to be popular in its character, and yet first-class in every respect. Its illustrations will be of a high order, and the work of skilled artists. The new monthly will sell for the same price as the new *Scribner*, namely, 25 cents per number and \$3 a year. Each number will contain 124 pages, and several departments of a peculiar character will give it a distinctive tone. The cover design is rather too suggestive of the high-grade "railroad guide" to suit some tastes, but it is certainly effective and very striking. The name of the magazine runs diagonally across the cover in large block letters, surmounted by the head of an Indian girl, while the left side of the cover is finished by sprigs of American mountain laurel. The publication has its editorial and business offices in Pearl Street, New York.

CHANCING to drop in at the "Old Corner Bookstore" says a Boston correspondent, I noticed the attention of a group of customers centered upon a little man, somewhat slim in figure, with his head bent over one of the latest English reviews. Unconscious of the attention he was attracting, the unpretentious little man scanned leisurely over all the new books and periodicals, occasionally asking a question or two of the salesman near by. Unassuming in appearance as was the man who moved so quickly among the counters and shelves of the famous old bookstore, yet scores of eyes followed his every movement, and whispers and significant glances passed among the other book buyers who happened to be present. Presently a tall, dignified, and well-developed lady entered the store, and detecting the little old man, walked quickly up to him. In a few moments the two were busily engaged in a lively conversation, and the smiling face of Oliver Wendell Holmes was as interesting to watch as it from time to time lit up by a beaming expression, as were the keen, flashing eyes of Louisa M. Alcott. Although I was in the store for nearly an hour, these two interesting figures were chatting as vigorously when I left as at the moment of their meeting.

An entertaining article on "Duelling in Paris" will be one of the strong features of the March *Harper's Magazine*. It is written by Theodore Child, and is illustrated. Mr. Child claims that "never since the time of Richelieu and the Fronde has duelling been more common in France, and that it has remained since the sixteenth century, not only tolerated, but approved by public opinion." The explanation of this characteristic distinguishing France from all other nations, is said to be the proverbial sensitiveness of the French sense of honour, the survival of the combative phase of chivalry, and the national trait to which Montaigne referred when he wrote, "Put three Frenchmen together in the deserts of Libya, and before a month has passed they will be tearing each other's eyes out." Gambetta's famous duel with M. De Fourtou is fully and faithfully narrated. One of the illustrations represents the actual scene of exchanging pistol shots at thirty paces, and another shows Gambetta shooting sparrows from his window on the morning of the contest. A droll incident, illustrated by a full-page engraving, is the celebrated duel in the rain between the critic Saint-Beuve and the journalist M. Dubois, in which Saint-Beuve insisted upon holding up his umbrella as well as his pistol, saying, "I am quite ready to be killed, but I do not wish to catch cold." Both adversaries shot four times, but, as is usually the case, neither of them were harmed.

FOR some time negotiations have been pending between a firm of New York publishers and Miss Anna E. Dickinson, looking to the latter removing to that city to engage in literary work. On inquiring into the matter a few days since it was learned that Miss Dickinson is at present lying ill at her home at Pittston, Pa. She has been very ill, but is now able to sit up a part of every day, and dictate her correspondence to her sister. She has lived very quietly with her aged mother in Pittston, and has written nothing for a long time. She has many requests from magazines and other publications for contributions, but declines them all on account of her health. Miss Dickinson has been suffering from nervous prostration, and her friends think that she has increased the trouble by her seclusion. To all overtures from them to go to New York she is deaf, and while her mother lives it is likely she will remain with her. Strong efforts are being made to have her write her reminiscences for publication, but whether these will be successful is difficult to say. To the younger generation her life would be almost a revelation, as to it her record is practically unknown. Her career, when those who are familiar with it look it over, is one of the romances of America, and certainly would make a most interesting story to read. Of late years Miss Dickinson's life has been unfortunate, and it is well known she lost a good deal of money in her theatrical ventures. Had she adhered to her lecture platform, from which for several years she netted an income of between \$10,000 and \$15,000, she might have spared herself much of what her other ventures compelled her to go through. It is not unlikely that the losses she has of late suffered would be largely retrieved by a volume of her reminiscences, and it is possible that her friends may yet induce her to enter upon the work. But for the present, and until she recovers from her illness at least, it is not likely, as she herself admits in a recent letter, that she will be heard from even by her best friends.